

The Troll

Raised by elfin in a child's garden
of curses, I grew to my majority
at seven months, disposed of
the old folks in the muck beneath
the bridge, and kept a lustful watch
for peasant girls and princesses.

Needless to say, nothing ever came my way
but toads and pelicans.

I moved to the metropolis
and installed myself in a subway cigarette machine.
I pushed one particularly surprised matron onto
the third rail, but the p.r. gangs
stole most of my thunder.

In Kansas City I lynched a klansman
(owner of a chain of drug stores)
in his lilywhite regalia,
and the state troopers executed half a dozen spades.

Didn't get many kicks on old route six-six,
although in Oklahoma City
a karate black-belt tried to break my sternum.
He's a white stripe on the highway now.

Came to L.A. to get laid.
Seduced a fashion designer from the Toad
who was making it with her regularly.
Tired of her, turned her on to STP.
Now she's climbing the walls in Camarillo --
that's what she'd been seeking for ages anyway.

In Hawaii I met
a jail bait heiress
who turned me into a movie tycoon.
Now, resplendent in six buck haircuts
and a TR4, I live in fear of the Ogre,
he who preys upon the nouveau riche.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California